# THE ANTI-GALLICAN.

## NUMBER VIII.

## ODE.

*By H. J. PYE*, Esq.

POET LAUREAT.

I.

O'ER the vex'd bosom of the deep,
When, rushing wild, with frantic haste,
The Winds, with angry pinions, sweep,
The surface of the wat'ry waste;
Tho' the firm Vessel proudly brave
The inroad of the giant wave,
Tho' the bold Seaman's dauntless soul
View, unappall'd, the mountains roll;
Yet still along the murky Sky,
Anxious, he throws th' enquiring eye,
If, haply, through the gloom that round him low'rs,
Shoots one refulgent ray, prelude of happier hours.

II.

So ALBION, round her rocky coast
While loud the rage of battle roars,
Derides Invasion's haughty boast,
Safe in her wave-encirc'd Shores;
Still safer in her DAUNTLESS BAND,
LORDS of her SEAS, and GUARDIANS of her LAND,
Whose patriot zeal, whose bold emprise,
Rise, as the storms of danger rise;
Yet, temp'ring GLORY'S ardent flame
With gentle MERCY'S milder claim,
She bends from scenes of blood th' averted eye,
And courts the charms of PEACE mid shouts of VICTORY.

III.

She courts in vain—the ruthless Foe,
Deep drench'd with blood, yet thirsting still for more,
Deaf to the shrieks of agonizing woe,
Views with rapacious eye each Neighbour-Shore;
"Mine be th' internal sway," aloud he cries,
"Where'er my Sword prevails, my conqu'ring Banner flies."

IV.

Genius of ALBION, hear!
Grasp the strong Shield, and lift th' avenging Spear,
By wreaths thy dauntless Sons of yore,
From GALLIA'S Crest victorious tore,
By EDWARD'S Lilly-blazon'd Shield,
By AGINCOURT'S high-trophied Field;
By rash IBERIA'S Naval pride,
Whelm'd by ELIZA'S Barks beneath the stormy tide;
Call forth thy Warrior Race again,
Breathing, to ancient mood, the soul-inspiring strain;
"To arms, to arms, your Ensigns straight display!
Now set the battle in array;
The Oracle for War declares,
Success depends upon our hearts and spears!
Britons strike home, revenge your Country's wrongs,
Fight and record yourselves in Druids' Songs!"

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## ORDERS OF BONAPARTE
TO THE
## ARMY OF ENGLAND,

*Respecting their Conduct when they shall have captured London, and subdued Britain.*

SOLDIERS!

In sending you to Britain I send heroes to cope with raw pedlers and shopkeepers. History bears witness that whenever French and British have met, that British effeminacy has always yielded to Gallic prowess. If ever the French appeared to have the worst of the battle, it was from a great scheme of policy, as may be seen in detail in the admirable productions which have issued from the pens of Gascon historians. The battle of the Nile was lost by my express orders; that, deprived of our ships, we might the more energetically display our military heroism; and in Egypt wonderful were our works. There we overthrew those renowned heroes the Copts; there we adventured to meet the wandering Arabs; there we battered down the walls of mud; there we made the inhabitants slaves; there you, my soldiers, had the full and unrestrained command of all the wives and daughters of the country, unmolested by your General—whose pursuits do not lie that way; there you made yourselves greater than Romans and Macedonians, and exalted me far beyond a Cæsar and an Alexander. At Acre we could have been victorious; but a General should, sometimes, consult the ease and accommodation of the soldiers;

soldiers; I therefore, chose to bring you back to Egypt, to your favourite pastimes, that if either women, or other moveables, had before eluded your search, you might now have them in possession; and, to diminish the number of your competitors, I employed a short *recipe* at the hospital. But, why boast of my own atchievements? These —Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and Holland can attest; and, for a true and impartial account, read the Moniteurs, and addresses. On my general character I need not expatiate—for my beneficence and piety I appeal to the bishops—those devout and disinterested worshippers of the powers that be. They, good men, liken me to the Saviour of the World; and bear testimony that I am the right hand of God, for effecting the regeneration of mankind.

To complete this purpose of my mission upon earth, it is necessary that I should subjugate those infidel Britons who dare to question my authority to dispose of all liberty, property, and power, as shall seem good in my eyes. —These islanders I employ you to conquer, or rather authorize you to reap the spoils; since there will be no contest. The great body of you is to land in Sussex, Kent, and Essex, that you may be near London; within two days of your landing you are to reach the metropolis. There are two articles in which England is before France—money and women—and these were two with which you have always been accustomed to make free in every expedition that has been undertaken for regenerating mankind. I resign all the women, and one half of the other moveables to my conquering heroes. At this season the coasts abound with objects that will agreeably reward the toils of the soldier. I permit detachments to file off to Brighton and Margate; at the former there is a place called the Steyne; there you will find numbers of beautiful creatures, far beyond your acquaintances in Italy and Egypt—they are yours; it will to you be a pleasant scramble; for myself, as I said, that is not in my way. The same may be done, at other places, only that at none you are to lose time. You are all to sail on Saturday the 1st of October. Monday, you may be completely landed; you may amuse yourselves in the manner I prescribe at the watering places, in the evening, and take your partners with you in flying caravans. The next day set off to London. The last division is to have its head-quarters at the Treasury, and in that part of London that is called Westminster; the right to pitch the General's tent in the Bank, and the troops to possess the city. The wives and daughters are your own; the men will make no resistance; you may do with them as you please. Though I think I have given you a good precedent at the hospital, you will be securest of your ladies when you have no rivals to fear. There is, I am told, a village near town, famous for its number of *old maids*—there your *invasion* may be received with equanimity, as you will have no competitors to dread. With regard to the property, I have taken pains to be minutely informed: on Wednesday I suppose all the arrangements made: Thursday you are to employ in inspecting and packing up the cash in the Treasury and the Bank: to send detachments from your respective head-quarters to examine and collect the money, and all that is to be found in all the banking-houses. Other detachments are to have the care of the goldsmiths' and silversmiths' shops, and all most portable articles. Let them all be sent, with due expedition, to

our Exchequer, to which they *naturally belong*; and there your shares shall be safely kept for you—unless I should happen to have occasion for them myself. Send me, from the Tower, all the arms; give orders for burning Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham; but first send me all the ammunition and portable stores. Do not burn the ships; send the men of war to Brest; and let the rest be employed in conveying moveables to the Great Nation. Burn London to the ground. Massacre, I leave to your own discretion and choice, with some particular injunctions and exceptions. Let all those who have endeavoured to rouse their countrymen to oppose my will, be sacrificed. Let all promoters of volunteer corps be brought into great squares; and, according to the revolution mode, from mouths of cannon cease to be, or send them to the hospitals. Let a lingering and torturing death recompence the reviler of the conquering hero, Pizarro, the stirrer up of the people to rebellion against my authority over the whole world, derived from God—as the bishops aforesaid are ready to bear testimony. Let Sir Sidney Smith experience a double portion of torment for his insolence, in daring to oppose me. Let Nelson, and Duncan and Jervis, experience no mercy. They are sworn enemies to my regeneration of mankind. Spare not Dundas; he has always been a thorn in our side. There is one man that did more against my regenerating authority, than any in the island. I did abominate that man, but I am half inclined to forgive him, for not being at his *own post* when I send you over. There is another very great man—a *personal acquaintance of my own*—I can hardly think he likes me; but as he has made little active opposition to my authority, you may let him alone while he is quiet. There is a Lord who severely reviled me, and I was once very angry with him; but of late he has strongly opposed those men and measures which attempted to stimulate resistance to my power; him therefore I will forgive. There is another that was wont to abuse me without mercy or moderation, but lately endeavoured to prevent every scheme of the opponents of any power; let him be spared, and also his seconds. There is a singular fellow, that I hardly know what to make of. Sometimes he will abuse me and mine, and call us all the robbers, and thieves, and murderers, that could be thought of; merely for taking what naturally belonged to us, and removing obstacles to such occupancy; but lately has been no less strenuous in abusing every man or measure, that was calculated to oppose my power. On account of his late and present conduct, I shall forget the past, and he shall even have an employment that will suit his taste—Let him be literary associate to the executioner: behold the last pangs and tortures of the victims; make a narrative of what passes; and give to it the title of the Register of the Hangman's Helper. With what delight he will record the agonies of my arch enemy Sheridan. You may besides give him another job; he is as keen an advocate to a free Press as myself: let him have the burning of all the Printing-houses. At the Stock-Exchange and Bank too, he will very readily bear a hand; there he will have no objection to an illumination. Send me Sir Robert Wilson bound in chains; him I will have the delight of instructing personally in my medical practice. You shall have further directions, before the appointed day of sailing, to take possession of the island of Pedlars. I hate every thing that belongs to those Pedlars —especially Pedlar's Acre.

BONAPARTE.

BOB

## BOB ROUSEM'S
EPISTLE TO
## BONYPART.

THIS comes hoping you are well, as I am at this present; but I say, Bony, what a damn'd Lubber you must be to think of getting *soundings* among us English. I tell ye as how your Anchor will never hold; it isn't made of good Stuff, so luff up Bony or you'll be *fast a ground* before you know where you are. We don't mind your palaver and nonsense; for though 'tis all Wind, it would hardly fill the Stun'sails of an English Man of War. You'll never catch a Breeze to bring ye here as long as you live, depend upon it. I'll give ye a bit of Advice now; do *try* to Lie as near the *Truth* as possible, and don't give us any more of your *Clinchers*. I say, do you remember how Lord Nelson came *round* ye at the Nile? I tell ye what, if you don't take Care what you are about, you'll soon be afloat in a way you won't like, in a High Sea, upon a Grating, my Boy, without a bit of soft Tommy to put into your Lanthorn Jaws. I'll tell you now how we shall fill up the Log-Book if you come; I'll give ye the Journal, my Boy, with an Allowance for *Lee-way* and *Variation* that you don't expect. Now then, at Five, A. M. Bonypart's Cock-Boats sent out to amuse our ENGLISH MEN OF WAR with *fighting*, (that we like). Six, A. M. Bonypart lands (that is if he can), then we begin to blow the Grampus; Seven, A. M. Bonypart in a pucker; Eight, A. M. Bonypart *running away*; Nine, A. M. Bonypart on board; Ten, A. M. Bonypart *sinking*; Eleven, A. M. *Bonypart* in *Davy's Locker*; MERIDIAN, Bonypart in the North Corner of ———, where it burns and freezes at the same time; but you know any Port in a Storm Bony, so there I'll leave ye. Now you know what you have to expect; so you see as how you can't say I did'n't tell ye. Come, I'll give ye a Toast: Here's Hard Breezes and Foul Weather to ye my Boy in your Passage; Here's may *you be Sea Sick*; We'll soon make ye *Sick of the Sea*; Here's may you never have a Friend here or a Bottle to give him. And to conclude; Here's the FRENCH FLAG where it ought to be, under the ENGLISH.

HIS
BOB ✕ ROUSEM,
MARK.

*P. S.* You see as I coudn't write, our Captain's Clerk put the Lingo into black and white for me, and says *he'll charge it to you.*

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## IMPROMPTU—JOHN BULL AND HIS MAN.

"*O Measter*" said Thomas—"the French *zay as how*
To England they mean to come over"—
Says John "if they do their fine Armies we'll mow
All as one as we cut down our Clover."

J. B.

# A NEW TE DEUM,

IN HONOUR OF

## *NAPOLEONE BONAPARTE,*

BY W. KEEGAN.

*Ordered to be Sung in all Places of Worship throughout France, Spain, Italy. Switzerland, Holland, Egypt,* &c.

N. B.—No Monk or Nun should close their Eyes, but after a Repetition of this Devout Offering.

TE Consulem Gallicum damnamus.

Te Tyrannum confitemur.

Te cœdis et hæresis Patrem omnis Terra detestatur.

Tibi omnes Diaboli, et Serpentes incessabili voce proclamant:

Satan, Satan, Satan, terribilis es Domino Deo tuo.

Pleni sunt Cœli and Terra horrendæ stragis et vastationis tuæ.

Te Dominum et infernorum chorus,

Te impiorum sordidus Numerus,

Te Diabolorum acclamant exercitus.

Te per orbem Terrarum sancta anathematizat Ecclesia,

Patrem immensæ Temeritatis,

Execrandum tuum verum & unicum Nomen,

Tetrum quoque Spiritum tuum.

Tu Rex gloriæ Diaboli.

Tu Satanæ sempiternus es Filius

Tu ad perdendas Naturæ Leges non horruisti tollere veneno miseros.

Tu devicto mortis aculeo aperuisti credentibus portas infernorum.

Tu ad dexteram Luciferi sedes in gloriâ suâ:

OH Chief Consul of France we curse thee!

We acknowledge thee to be a Tyrant.

Thou Murdering Infidel all the World detest thee.

To thee all Nations cry aloud, Bonney, Bonney, Bonney.

Thou art universally execrated!

Holland, Italy, and Switzerland are full of the Measure of thy Crimes.

To thee the infernal Host of Hell,

And the whole Army of Sinners and Devils

Raise their hideous Notes.

The Army of Jaffa damn thee!

The Pope, Cardinals and Catalogue of Bishops excommunicate thee;

For thou art the Parent of infinite Sin.

Thy fictitious and thy true Name are equally accursed;

And thy black Spirit maketh Mankind to shudder.

Thou art the Kernel of Infamy O Nappy.

Thou art the everlasting Son of Tyranny and Avarice.

Thou hast not scrupled to violate the Laws of God, of Nature, and of Man.

Having unhappily, escaped the Dangers that have awaited thee, thou hast opened thy Prison Doors to shut them again on the Innocent.

Judicem

Judicem credis non esse venturum.

Thou shalt sit at the Right Hand of Lucifer, ornamented with thy impious Spoils, where thou shalt judge in Favor of those who pay thee best.

Te ergo, quæsumus, tuis famulis subveni, quorum sanguinem iniquè effudisti.

We therefore recommend to thee to have some Mercy on those whom thou hast robbed of their Peace and Property.

Æternâ fac cum Diabolis tuis in glorîâ numerari.

Let thy Ministers be numbered with thee in eternal Damnation.

Salvum fac Populum tuum Gallicum, et maledic Hæreditati tuæ;

May thy Subjects guillotine thee, and thereby spare the People whom thou oppressest with thy Corsican Yoke;

Et damna eum, et obrue eum in æternum.

And may thy Heritage suffer in a like Way.

Per singulos dies, maledicimus te,

May they be not simply damned, but damned to all Eternity.

Et blasphemamus Nomen tuum in seculum, & in seculum seculi.

Day by Day all Nations reproach thee, and adjudge thy Name to be detested from Generation to Generation.

Dignare, Diabole, die isto cum pecato eum custodire.

Deign, O Nappy, to leave the World in Peace and Quiet; and at least spare those Fools who have put their Trust in thee.

Miserere ejus, Satan, quoniam speravit in te.

Oh Satan give him a good warm Corner in Hell, for he has been thy faithful Servant.

In te, Diabole, speravit, crucietur in æternum.

And as he has relied on thee, let him partake of thy Torments now and for evermore.

## PATRIOTIC ADDRESS

FRIENDS and Neighbours, you are threatened with Invasion by a Tyrant, who is known, by experience, to be cruel and revengeful, sparing neither age nor sex. Is your Life? is your Property? are your Wives and Children dear to you? They may, and most likely will, be sacrificed, if the enemy should reach your home. Do you not burn with indignation at an attempt to violate such precious rights? The government, it is true, has wisely provided defence against the first attempt; but shall we, who remain, be still and inactive till the enemy comes to our doors? All would then be lost! No! rather let us rouse our courage, and give our aid to the efforts of government. That government might enforce its right to proclaim Martial Law, which would drive every man to the battle; but it has, with a prudential regard to our comfort, devised a milder plan for

THE DEFENCE OF THE COUNTRY.

Let us then second its intentions, and enroll ourselves, for our mutual defence, in parties of neighbours, under a neighbour of our own choice for our officer, all knowing and having confidence in each other; that in case the enemy should (contrary to all expecta-

tion) get an absolute footing on our shores, we may do all in our power to stop his progress. This we may help to effect, by firing on his advanced guard or straggling parties; and then, from our better knowledge of the country and of the roads, we may retire with very little hazard to ourselves, but with great annoyance to the foe.

We may also, by conveying away the women and children, the aged and infirm, to a place of security; by removing property of any kind, in case of need; by carrying provisions to the army, either by waggons or barges, do essential service; so that no one, of even the lowest degree, should think himself of no consequence, but may, by the exertion of his strength and ability, in some way be useful, and prove himself, in so alarming a moment,

*A True Friend to his Country.*

## *THE MENACES OF* BONAPARTE.

*What Strange Things are come to pass!*

A Little insignificant Man, not more than fifty inches high, with an half-starved Army, that would faint at the sight of an English Bull, has dared to say that he will *Conquer Four Millions of Englishmen!* Englishmen, whom the brave Romans themselves, that subdued the rest of the World, could hardly conquer!! Englishmen, whose name is feared and respected over the whole Universe.

Conquer Four Millions of Englishmen!! What can this mean? Why it means that this presumptuous little man, conceives that Englishmen are dead to every sense of Virtue; that the love of their Country, no longer animates their breasts; that the courage for which heretofore they have been so pre-eminent, has forsaken their hearts: and that, without a struggle, they will tamely and basely lay down their arms upon the Tyrant's approach. In short, that the British Lion is become as docile and tame as a Lady's Lap-Dog, and that he will allow himself to be kicked, buffeted, and trampled upon, without even a growl to shew that he feels the foot of his oppressor. Good Heavens what an imputation!! Can you set down with an appetite to your meals, can you retire quietly to rest, can you follow your daily occupations, under such a charge, and not move one step to express your indignation? Does not your blood boil at the very idea of Englishmen's patriotism being so questioned? Can you indifferently allow yourselves to be accused of forgetting the enjoyments of your mild laws, which equally affords to every man protection to his property and person; of your fertile soil which rewards the labourer's toil with plenty; of your extensive commerce which conveys to your hands riches, and all the luxuries of the world; and of your beautiful Women, who to every domestic comfort, bring you strong and virtuous children, to hand down to posterity the honourable name and qualifications of Englishmen? All these, and a great many more blessings will you lose, if you do not hastily step forward to prove, that you have hearts to vindicate the charge, and hands to protect your country, and its rights, against all aggressors. But if you can quietly sit down with such glaring insults, then shall I say that Englishmen are CONQUERED? then may the USURPER sheath his sword, and put by the implements of destruction, with all the paraphernalia of war, and with a few of HIS BANDITTI only, come over to receive the degraded submission of CONQUERED BRITAIN!! But this shall never happen. Sooner may the avenging hand of heaven avert the disgrace, and by one grand concussion destroy every vestige, that could hand down to posterity, the name, or recollection of such a race, as ENGLISHMEN.

THE BRITISH LION.

# AN ADDRESS

TO THE

## MECHANICS, ARTIFICERS,

MANUFACTURERS, *and* LABOURERS *of* ENGLAND, *on the subject of the* THREATENED INVASION.

BY GEORGE CLARK, ESQ. *Brentford.*

THERE is an opinion unhappily prevailing among some persons, as to the probable consequences of this country being overcome by France, which opinion has a fatal tendency, and ought to be done away. It is most prevalent amongst those whose lot it is to gain their daily subsistence by the sweat of their brows, such as manufacturers, mechanics, and labourers. The opinion alluded to is, that men of this description would be in no worse situation, if the conquest of this country should take place, than they are at present. This is indeed a most dangerous opinion, and one that should be opposed with all the zeal, the importance of the subject demands.

It is certainly right, that before an opinion is opposed, or those who hold it are condemned, it should be made certain that the opinion is false. If it were indeed true, that such an alteration could not possibly make the situation of the labouring part of the community worse, but might possibly better it, then nothing would be left to move them to defend their country, but mere patriotism. It would in that case be ridiculous to urge them to it, by any other motive than a love of their country. And if the high and independent spirit of Englishmen, and their ardent and distinguished patriotism be considered, we may, I conceive, even upon this principle, look for their most strenuous exertions to save it. Englishmen love liberty, and they love their country. They love their country, because it is the parent and nurse of liberty, and because its constitution and government secure to them the enjoyment of it.

The good sense of the people of this country will convince them, that its laws and constitution give to the people as great a share of LIBERTY, as is really and truly useful to them. Every man living must know and be satisfied, that ten or fifteen millions of people cannot be kept in order, without laws to restrain and regulate their passions, and punishments to deter them from doing mischief. Let any man who is the father of a family look into his own house, and say, whether he can preserve order in it without exercising the authority, which his situation, as the head and governor of that little society, intitles him to use. He is obliged to admonish, to restrain, and to punish. If then laws and punishments are necessary to keep a family in subordination, how much more must they be necessary to the government of a country! How much more to govern millions of families, millions of persons! Persons, who would otherwise be the destroyers and the victims of each other. It is by the law and its punishments that the peace and happiness of the people are preserved. It is by those they are saved from the violence of their stronger neighbours, and from the snares laid for them by their weaker but more designing ones. It is the law that saves our PROPERTY from rapine, our PERSONS from assassination, and our WIVES and DAUGHTERS from ruin.

Having thus gone a little out of the way, in order to shew how necessary laws and punishments are for the welfare and happiness of society, we will proceed to shew, first, that the labouring part of the British community would,

would, in all human probability, be in no better condition under a French, than they are under an English government; and secondly, that there is every reason to believe, that their situation would be much worse. And both these points appear to be so evident, that very little pains will be necessary, to convince the most obstinate of the truth of them. First then, we will shew, that it is by no means probable, that our mechanics, manufacturers, and labourers, would be in a better condition under the government of Bonaparte, than they are at present under that of George the Third. And here let it be asked, what is the situation of the people under the government of this country, and what just cause they have to complain? The answer will be, that the dearness of provisions makes them unhappy and dissatisfied; that the taxes they pay render their situation miserable; and that both of those circumstances united, render them unable to maintain themselves and their families. This, it is admitted, is in some measure, and in some instances true, but it is not universally so. In many instances, where there are families of children, the pressure of the present times is necessarily heavy, and grievous to be borne. The present high price of all the necessary articles of life, is greatly to be lamented; but it must be admitted, that generally speaking, the price of labour has been in some measure increased. But independent of that fact, two things ought to be considered. 1. That it is not the fault of government, that articles of the first necessity are so dear. Government (it is well known) has used its most strenuous exertions to prevent it; but it has appeared after the fullest investigation, that the evil has arisen, much more from the natural course and order of things, than from any combinations to injure the community. 2. It should be recollected, that the burden complained of, is not exclusively an evil to the persons who are the objects of this address. It is not an evil suffered by them alone. It is an evil in which other ranks of society in great measure partake, and particularly petty tradesmen and shopkeepers, and persons whose means of support are derived from small annual incomes. These persons are in a situation far more deplorable than the labourer and manufacturer. They are much more pressed by taxes, and are obliged to contribute to the church and the poor, when they themselves would be proper objects of charity. But the grand question is what probability there is, that, if those who complain, were under a French government, they would be in a better situation? Whether it is likely, that under the tyranny of Bonaparte, they would be better clothed, or better fed? It is to this point the mechanic and the labourer should direct their attention. Let them honestly and fairly put the question home to their own hearts, and say, whether they really think, that if Bonaparte were to wield the sceptre of this great nation, their situation would be bettered? Whether in that case, there is any reason to believe, that the quantity of food would be increased, or money become more abundant. Whether they think that if an hundred thousand French soldiers were quartered in this country, in order to rivet our chains, it would have a tendency to make bread and beef cheaper? They would doubtless take the plunder to themselves, and every article of life would rapidly increase in price, by its quantity being lessened. And of that which should remain, our

enemies

enemies would take the best for their own use. They would live upon the fat of the land, and leave poor John Bull to be satisfied, if he could, with that which they would deem not good enough for themselves.

Again, if the French were to possess themselves of this country, (which God forbid!) one of their first steps would be, to destroy our commerce, and ruin our trade, by transferring them to France. It is to our trade and commerce that we are indebted (under Providence) for the high rank we hold among the nations of the world. It is to these we owe our superior prosperity and our national glory. And it is this that has excited the jealousy and spleen of our enemies. It is in order that they may transfer to France the manufactures of this country, by destroying our naval and commercial superiority, that they wish to possess themselves of this great and happy country. And what must and would be the consequence? They would first remove from this country just as many manufacturers as would be sufficient to teach Frenchmen our arts and manufactures, and then the whole body remaining of them, would be turned adrift, to starve, or to get their living by some other means. It cannot then be denied, that a change such as we are speaking of, would be fatal to OUR MANUFACTURERS and ARTISANS.

The DAY LABOURER may, on reading this, bless himself, that the evil does not reach him. He may fancy that if the manufacturer is ruined, he will be safe. And that if the mechanic is out of employment, he shall quietly cultivate the fields. But he is miserably mistaken. The very contrary would be the case. Is it not plain, that if two or three hundred thousand manufacturers are turned loose, they will be looking out for other means of providing for themselves and their families? Would they submit to be starved, or would they not rather turn from the *loom* to the *plough*? Would not this great increase of hands lower the price of labour? And would not in this case the present field labourers partake of the ruin attendant upon the loss of our commerce? Beyond all doubt these would be the dreadful consequences, there is therefore no hope that their condition would be bettered.

But there is another class of workmen, who may say, those evils would not affect them: I mean JOURNEYMEN CARPENTERS, JOURNEYMEN BRICKLAYERS, JOURNEYMEN MASONS, and other ARTIFICERS, who certainly form a respectable and valuable part of the community. But this is equally a mistake. Let it only be asked, what it is that gives to them employment? The answer is the RICHES of the country.—And what is the cause of those riches? The answer is, our TRADE and COMMERCE.—Ask them what would be the consequence of removing that trade, and that commerce to France? They must answer you, NATIONAL BANKRUPTCY, POVERTY and RUIN.—Who then will there in that case be, to build palaces, to raise mansions, to enlarge our cities and our towns! The answer is, NO ONE. Where then it may be asked, is the likelihood, that the condition of our mechanics would be bettered? The answer is, NO WHERE!

How wretchedly then are those men misled and mistaken, who suppose that their condition could be bettered, if the change should take place! Or who are even careless whether a change takes place or not! How necessary is it, that they should rouse themselves from the madness into which they have been

betrayed, by the artful insinuations of desperate men! With what zeal and energy ought every English heart to beat against those, who would, under pretence of doing them a service, lead them on with false hopes to certain and most horrible ruin!

There are two regulations existing in this country arising out of its happy constitution, which place the labouring part of the community in a situation much to be preferred to that of the poor of any other country in Europe. By the one of these I mean, the provision that the law makes for the helpless poor. In England we have establishments for the poor which are unknown to every other country, and which are unknown even in a portion of the united kingdom. For in Ireland no such thing as a poor's rate is known, and those who are poor and wretched, must pine away in want, unless the voluntary bounty of their neighbours should perchance relieve them. God grant, that the day may not be far distant when that country shall be blessed with a like establishment. Let us look at OLD ENGLAND with an eye to this circumstance, and then say, what would be the probable consequence, if Bonaparte were to govern us. From what has been said, it is evident, that there would be a great increase of poor, and a great decrease of the means of supporting them. The fact then is, not only that this country is honourably and happily distinguished from all other countries in Europe, by the care it takes in providing for those who are unable to provide for themselves; but the truth also is, that the fatal change would, at one stroke, destroy all the blessed effects of this kind and humane institution, by taking away from the people the ability to support it.

The other regulation I allude to as distinguishing the poor of this country from those of every other, is, the protection the laws afford to them. I mean the equal distribution of its favours, and its severities, to the poor and to the rich. And in another circumstance calculated to give full effect to this protection, which perhaps may not be generally known; but which ought to be known to every individual in the kingdom, which is, that if a man is so poor that he cannot either prosecute a claim, or defend a right, the courts will take such a man under their own immediate care, and will actually appoint an able attorney and an able counsel to undertake the management of his cause, and they are bound to perform it without fee or reward. This is a fact within the knowledge of every professional man, and is frequently practised.

Having in this manner, as shortly as possible, pointed out the great improbability there is, that the condition of the manufacturer or labourer would be benefited by a change of the government of this country, we will now take a short view of the probability there is, that such a change would produce to them an infinite sum of evil. This has already in some measure appeared in the foregoing observations, but what has been said gives a faint and imperfect view indeed of the evils which such a change would produce; and in order to a further view of it, let us look to the conduct of Bonaparte and the French troops in the countries they have unhappily conquered. In a commercial view of this part of the subject, let us for a moment turn our eyes upon the once rich and happy, but now poor and distressed States of Holland. Before the French revolution, the Dutch nation was amongst the most rich, prosperous, and important of European states;

states; but if we look at them since the conquest of the country by the French, we shall see it reduced to a state of comparative beggary, and most deplorable misery.

Who then that loves HIMSELF, that loves his FAMILY, that loves his FRIENDS and his COUNTRY, could endure to see this happy island in like manner depressed and degraded? But such would be the wretched state of it, if the ambition, the malice, and the indignation of Bonaparte, should be glutted with the conquest of it.

The conduct of the French in the countries they have conquered; particularly where they have conquered after having been opposed, will hold up to our eyes a spectacle so shocking, so inhuman, and so distressing, that the heart sickens with a view of it. So horrid have they been, that the benevolent heart of an Englishmen need only hear them recited to be roused to the highest pitch of indignation. I shall present those who either wish for, or are indifferent about the invasion of this country by the French, with a short detail of their cruelties, founded on the most unquestionable authorities.

We will begin with an observation or two concerning the want of good faith in the Chief Consul, to shew that there is no reliance to be made on his promises. So notorious is he for giving by his actions the lie to his words, that his *name* and that of *liar* might well become convertible terms. No man living is more free to promise; no man living more ready to deceive. There is scarcely a country thathe has entered, where he has not proclaimed his determination to protect the *persons* and *properties* of the inhabitants; and there is not a country he has entered where he has not most grossly and most infamously acted in direct opposition to it. The people of Milan, of Genoa, of Modena, of Tuscany, of Rome, and of Venice, of Holland, and of Egypt, can bear full witness to the fact of his never ceasing to violate the solemn pledges he has made. Their PERSONS have been BUTCHERED, their PROPERTIES SEIZED, their WIVES and DAUGHTERS VIOLATED. In the small territory of *Milan* he broke through the most solemn assurances. He promised "respect for property," but he exacted from them near six millions sterling! The churches were plundered, and every charitable fund was confiscated. And because the people were roused by these oppressions to shew an inclination to demand justice, he poured out upon that unhappy country *the vials of his wrath*. The town of Benasco was burnt, and eight hundred of its inhabitants butchered. 'He then marched to Pavia, took it by storm, and delivered it over to general plunder; and published at the same moment a proclamation, ordering his troops to shoot all those who had not laid down their arms and taken an oath of obedience, and to burn every village where the tocsin should be sounded, and put its INHABITANTS to DEATH.'

On his entry into Venice he solemnly proclaimed that he 'came to deliver the finest country in Europe from the IRON YOKE of the proud House of Austria.' But alas! how hard was their fate. A revolution took place; the influence of the House of Austria was destroyed. Bonaparte entered into a treaty, which he sanctioned by his own seal, signed in May 1797. Venice, as the price of this boon, paid three millions of livres in money, three millions more in naval stores, and agreed to furnish three ships of the line. 'Immediately after the signature of the treaty, the arsenal, the library, and the palace

palace of St. Mark, were ransacked and plundered, and heavy additional contributions were imposed upon the inhabitants. And in not more than four months afterwards, this very republic of Venice was by Bonaparte given up to that *iron yoke of the proud House of Austria*, as they were pleased to term it, to deliver it from which he had represented in his proclamation, to be the great object of all his operations.'

So much for his GOOD FAITH, for his PERFORMANCE OF PROMISES, and RESPECT for TREATIES. We will now put his character into a true light, by adding to the atrocities already enumerated, some instances of his conduct in Egypt.

And in order to this we will consult the book of a Frenchman named *Denon*, who was an eye-witness of what he relates. And his testimony will not be doubted, when it is known, that *Denon* was one of Bonaparte's great admirers, that he accompanied him on his Egyptian expedition, and that the very book in which it appears, has had the sanction and approbation of Bonaparte himself.

After having spoken of the treatment of those who were found in arms, he goes on to state, that the situation of the unresisting, defenceless inhabitants was *no better*. He tell us, that when they returned to their villages they found nothing of their houses but the *mud* of which their walls had been formed. Utensils, planks, doors, roofs, every thing, in short, capable of being burnt, was burned. The earth pots broken, the corn consumed, and the fowls and pigeons roasted and devoured. Nothing was found but the *dead bodies of their dogs*, killed in defending the properties of their masters. If, says he, we made any stay in a village, and the inhabitants fled, they were called upon under the penalty of rebels who had joined the enemy, and were made to pay double contributions. But if they returned and submitted, and paid what was demanded, coming in a body, they were sometimes mistaken for armed men, and killed by the rifle men and patroles; but if they remained, paid their contributions, and supplied the wants of the army, they saw their victuals eaten with regularity, and had *but few* of their wives and daughters ravished.

This detail is sufficiently dreadful, but we may be assured, bad as it is, that it has been told with as much favour to the French as possible. We will now hear what our countryman Sir Robert Wilson has to say as to his conduct in Syria. He tells us, that ——— Bonaparte having carried the town of *Jaffa* by assault, many of the garrison were put to the sword, and three thousand eight hundred were taken prisoners. Bonaparte being determined to relieve himself from the maintenance and care of so great a number, ordered them to be marched to a rising ground near *Jaffa*, where a division of the French infantry formed against them. When the Turks had been put into a proper situation, and the mournful preparations were completed, *the signal gun fired*. Vollies of musquetry and grape shot instantly played against them; and Bonaparte, who had been viewing the scene through a telescope, when he saw the smoke ascending, could not restrain his joy, but broke out into exclamations of approval. When the Turks had all fallen, the French troops endeavoured to put a period to the sufferings of the wounded, but some time elapsed before the bayonet could finish what the fire had not destroyed, and probably many languished whole days

days in agony. The bones still lie in heaps, and are shewn to every traveller who arrives*.

But we have not done, one more instance of the abandoned cruelty of this monster in human shape, shall close the account.—Bonaparte finding that his hospitals at *Jaffa* were crowded with the sick of his own army, sent for an apothecary, and gave him directions to dispose of them. In consequence of this command (which the apothecary dared not refuse) opium was put at night into pleasant food in such quantities, that in a few hours *five hundred and eighty* of his own soldiers, became the victims of his villainy, and died.

Judge then my countrymen, what chance there is of bettering your condition under the government of Bonaparte. Judge what trust can be placed in his promises; what hope can be founded on his humanity, He is alike the enemy of truth, and of human nature. Think for a moment, what the dreadful consequences would be, if he should succeed in his threatened invasion! If enough has not been said already, let the threats that he has bellowed out against this country awaken you to a resolution, with one hand and one heart to oppose his designs, and to overturn his plans of desolation. Can you endure that Frenchmen shall threaten, and insult you with impunity? Can you bear to hear them threaten destruction to the country and your families, and not step forward to meet the boasting tyrant? Can you sit still and be told by a Corsican, that in a few weeks ENGLAND SHALL BE NO MORE? The French call you *proud islanders*, and say, THEY WILL DESTROY YOU†. But BRAVE ISLANDERS, if you are united, your country is saved. If you look on carelessly and unconcerned, the country is ruined: but Englishmen united, may brave the world. By your present exertions you may save yourselves, your wives, and your children from destruction. He is unworthy of the name of an ENGLISHMAN: He is unworthy of the name of a MAN: He is unworthy of the name of a FATHER, of a HUSBAND, of a BROTHER, who does not at this important moment, STEP FORWARD TO SAVE HIS WIFE, HIS DAUGHTERS, HIS SISTERS, HIS COUNTRY, AND HIS KING.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

*July* 8, 1803.

*P. S.* In addition to what I have already stated, one more circumstance has occurred to me, and though *last*, will certainly not be found the *least*. It is this—admit for a moment, (though God forbid that so dreadful and improbable an event should ever happen) that this country, or even the smallest part of it, should be conquered, what would be the inevitable consequence, in addition to the horrid miseries I have before described? It would, beyond all doubt, be this: Bonaparte's first object would necessarily be to recruit his army, in order to replace the many thousands that he must have lost. For, should the tyrant have conquered but part of

* Sir Robert Wilson tells us, that it was *Benn's* Division that executed this bloody order. If the charge is false, why have not the officers of that division rescued the character of their general from so foul an aspersion? Their not having done so is an evident proof of its truth.

† He has been base enough to declare, that no quarter shall be given to the soldiers who may fall into his hands, and that the country shall be given up to general pillage.

England,

England, he will feel the absolute necessity of raising fresh troops to incorporate with his own, in the hope of being enabled to subdue the remainder; and should he have conquered the whole, what finer troops could the world afford to this cruel and insatiable monster of ambition, for the conquest of Austria and Prussia, than an army composed of Britons—a nation which experience has taught him is the bravest and most formidable he ever had to cope with. Here then would be no *volunteering*, no *balloting*, unless, indeed, such *volunteers* as were raised in France for the conquest of St. Domingo. And how were these raised? Why by every man having a bayonet put to his breast, being seized by force, and then *chained in couples like dogs*, and drove down in a string to the coast for embarkation, like so many *galley-slaves*. This, though it may sound incredible to an Englishman's ear, is a fact known to all Europe.

Such, my brave Countrymen, would be your dreadful fate, could this blessed island be once subjugated to that haughty and merciless Tyrant, the Corsican Bonaparte. Where then is the man who would not die a thousand and a thousand deaths sooner than submit to so cruel and unnatural a fate?

Think well of this, brave Britons, ere it be too late; and if it be our lot to fall individually in this glorious cause, let us remember that we shall have, at least, contributed our part to save our Country, and that we shall die with the blessings of our dear Countrymen.

## COMPARISON.

THE difference of national character is strongly illustrated by the different expressions of feeling in this country and in France since the declaration of hostilities. In France the people, without reasoning for a moment on the subject, but yielding to the force of mere prejudice and passion, entered into the views of the Government. The conquest of England was a prospect which dazzled their fancy. They never passed a thought on the difficulties and dangers of such an enterprize. In imagination they beheld our independence destroyed, and had added England to the immense territories already under the dominion of the Great Nation. They hastened with their addresses of congratulation to the Government, and besought their illustrious Ruler to lead the armies of the Republic to this last and greatest of the French victories. In this country the course pursued by the nation was of a very different description. Hardly relieved from the pressure of a long war, they looked forward to the renewal of hostilities with the utmost anxiety and regret. Their feelings, their interests, and their reason, were all enlisted on the side of peace. When they were informed that war had become inevitable; when they were assured that it was essential to the preservation of our existence to have recourse to arms, they did not rashly declare their assent, or form any resolution till after very mature deliberation. It was observed accordingly that while addresses were pouring in from all quarters in France, the evidences of public spirit here were neither frequent nor animated. When the public voice began to be heard, it was at first comparatively feeble. It extended itself gradually through the country. The language of the people was the result of reflection, and all ranks joined in the expression of their determination to stand by the country at a crisis when its

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independence was threatened by an enemy, who had given the most unequivocal evidences of his unconquerable malignity. This spirit was constantly receiving new accessions of strength, till it became the soul which animates the mass of the people. In France the picture is now reversed. The agitation produced in the first instance has ceased. The delusion which gave rise to it has vanished; and the conquest of England no longer appears an enterprise unattended with difficulty. The present is not, and cannot, in the nature of things, be a popular war with the great body of the French people. It is for them without object or utility. Here, on the other hand, the war has become a national one, because every man feels that on the issue of it depends the safety of national independence, personal liberty, and domestic comfort. The French fight to gratify the ambition of one individual. The English fight as the champions of the liberties of this country and of the world.

*The Courier.*

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## PRATT's ADDRESS
### TO
### *HIS COUNTRYMEN*
### ON THE
### TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN's CASTLE.

WHICH of you, my Countrymen, does not feel, that you have property in your GOOD OLD CASTLE UPON THE ENGLISH ROCK, encircled by the sea? And, while the idle foam dashes against it, every billow adds to its security; and the Ocean, which is your own also, my brave Friends, is at once its pride and protector. Which of you does not feel, that, in this sacred edifice, you have an interest, and an inheritance? Which of you does not exult in the thought that it is your *home*, and, that it remains, amidst the convulsions of the earth, an object of *glory* to its friends—so of *despair* to its foes? And were the arrogant enemy to take a survey of it, he would find that the foundation is good, and that the fabric still stands majestically on the rock, whereon our ancestors have placed it!

That CASTLE, my Countrymen, holds whatever in life is most precious to you; it contains the *cradle of your infant babes*, whose slumbers are undisturbed and sweet; it contains your *wholesome beds*, unpolluted by the RAPINE OF INVASION; it receives you, after the honest labours of the day, whether of body or of soul; and not even the *battle and murder of other nations*, nor any thing but guilt, or the visitation of heaven, which happens to all men, can prevent your enjoyment of unbroken repose. The apartment individually allotted to you, whether spacious or otherwise, incloses a thousand blessings; which, if you that duly appreciate these, will not, as with one voice, exclaim, I WILL LIVE OR DIE, FIGHT OR FALL, IN DEFENCE OF MY CASTLE?

Under these happy emotions, look, then, my dear Countrymen, at your *still-peaceful* cottage, and *chearing hearth*, and at your *beloved children*, playing innocently round it—cherish your little gardens—dress your smiling fields—or if you have none of the latter, consider what your culture of them for others produces to you, in *comfort*, *health*, and social *love*; and, as you survey these objects of the social and kindred heart, with numberless others, that twine, like its fibres around them, you will be *proud* of your Country; will

will feel yourselves, more than ever pledged to support her; you will bless her fruitful soil, which so many envy; and detach your thoughts from every thing that would annoy your comfort in your GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK.

And shall a daring Threatener suppose it is in his power to lay this, your venerable pile, in ashes?—Shall the general Devourer think you will permit him to take possession of the sacred ground, that surrounds your Castle?—Shall he vainly suppose, that you will barter your wives, your children, your friends, your neighbours, your country, your reason, your religion, your good faith, and your freedom, for dishonoured poverty, and infamous slavery? And, shall the crimson banner of tyranny ever be reared, where the *real* Tree of Liberty has been planted?—O, NO! pride! shame! glory! love! friendship! and duty! forbid!!

My Countrymen! an honest exertion shall preserve your CASTLE and Inheritance. UNION shall make your fixed and floating Castles indeed triumphant; but the union must not only be GENERAL, as, praise be to the British character, it now is—it must be UNIVERSAL—THE WHOLE PATRIOT SOUL INFORMING AND ANIMATING THE WHOLE PATRIOT BODY.

The best, bravest, and most wise amongst you, of ALL parties, agree to call the defence of your native land, against an invading foe, whether foreign or domestic—true patriotism. In the name of the Patriot, then, I conjure you to encourage it. My friends, it is the ardent, active, and sacred principle, that has already led you to suspend all your accustomed pleasures; all gainful pursuits; or, at least, to consider them as secondary. The more you contemplate, the more will you be convinced, that UNION is *the one thing immediately needful*; without it, indeed, nothing, either of heaven or earth, could preserve its beauty or its use. A few discordant parts would unsettle the whole system of the spheres; the planets would rush furious on each other; the moon be hurled from her orbit, and the earth be shrivelled, like a scroll, by a spark from the sun!

My Countrymen! imitate that which holds the heavens themselves together! UNITE! PRESERVE ORDER! BE FAITHFUL TO YOURSELVES! and secure in your GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK, and in your GOD, you may BID DEFIANCE TO THE EMBATTLED GLOBE!!

## ADDRESS TO BRITONS.

*Friends and Fellow Countrymen,*

YOU are threatened with Invasion by a daring and inveterate enemy; one who impiously boasts that he has chained fate to his chariot wheels, and that the winds and the waves are at his command. He promises you fire and sword, and declares that he will lay in ruins the palace and the cottage. Your sons he gives up to be murdered, your daughters to be polluted by his soldiers, and your property to be plundered. The very name of Englishmen he says shall only live in books and records, as his purpose is to destroy them all from the face of the earth.

Now if there be any among you, my brethren, who can doubt these threatnings, let them reflect on the desolating system pursued by the French in Holland, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Hanover, and through almost every country in Europe. In every part such atrocities have been committed as would disgrace man in his most savage state, such as women ravished in the public streets,

streets, in the presence of their husbands or fathers; every thing valuable seized on by these merciless wretches: defenceless men, women, and children murdered, and their houses and property committed to the flames. This has been done where they pretended to come as friends; what then must Englishmen expect, when they avowedly come as implacable and exterminating enemies?—Bonaparte himself, in a public proclamation, declares, that *no quarter shall be given to the English who fight for their government, that they shall be put to the sword, and their property distributed among the soldiers of his victorious army!*—And one of his Generals says, "*I will not peremptorily assert, that I can conquer Great Britain, or that I shall be able to keep it; but I pledge myself to make it unfit for an Englishman to live in!*"

Reflect seriously, my Countrymen, on your situation, and then determine whether you will sit down quietly and see these calamities brought home to your doors, or rise and join your brethren in arms, to drive these merciless wretches from the shores of this happy and favoured nation!—You cannot hesitate. Rich and poor, single and married, will, I trust, immediately unite, and obey the call of your Country, by turning out as Volunteers. The Duke of Clarence, a son of your beloved Sovereign, with that brave and experienced General Lord Moira, many other Members of both Houses of Parliament, and Gentlemen of the greatest property and influence in the country, have set you a noble and praise worthy example, by joining the different Volunteer Corps as privates! Unite, then, my brave Countrymen, and march to meet the foe; and you may, I think, foretell the consequence. With the Blessing of Heaven, when united, you may defy the whole world; but if you give yourselves up to indolent apathy or causeless jealousies, then your blood must be upon your own heads. For my part I will live and die

A FREE AND LOYAL BRITON.

## *ORIGINAL POETRY.*

### BONAPARTE'S SOLILOQUY.

*A Parody on Hamlet's Soliloquy.*

TO invade, or not invade?—That is the question—
Whether 'twere better policy to bear
The discontented spirit of my Army,
To whom I've promis'd plunder; or to make
A grand attack on Britain?—To invade,—to fight,
On their own shores, a people fam'd for valour;
And by that fight to put an end
To the eternal jealousy and strife
Subsisting 'twixt the French and English Nations;—
And what is most desirable to me;—

*England's complete o'erthrow!*—To invade—to fight,—
To fight?—perchance to *beat!*—aye, there's the point
That shakes my Resolution most; besides,
When the French fleet shall brave the English Thunder,
How soon a ball or bullet may decide
The premier CONSUL's fate,—must give me pause.
Here is the reason of my long delay
To execute my threat:—Fear holds me back,
Tho' desp'rate motives urge.—Else who would bear
Unsatisfied, the strong desire I feel
To conquer ENGLAND; desolate her towns;
Her bulwarks burn; and drench her plains with blood?
Who could endure the mortifying sight
Of English cruizers, impudently bold,
Blockading e'en the very ports of France;—
But that the dread of Britain's dauntless sons,
(That free unconquer'd race!) "puzzles my will;"
And makes me rather all the dangers brave,
That hover round my present slipp'ry state,
Than heedless rush on almost certain ruin
On hated ALBION's shores?—Thus prudence, fear,
And policy combin'd, can change the hue
Of Resolution; and thus serious thought
Can alter plans of greatest "pith and moment,"
And make th' INVASION I so long have threaten'd,
—All end in *Nothing!*—

R. P. C.

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This Country never was engaged in a War, which Literary Men, as well as the People at large, more unanimously and zealously support, than the present. Among others, whose Muse contributes to the common cause, is Mr. COURTENAY. M. P. From this source the following National Song originates.

## JOHN BULL's CALL TO THE SAILORS.

YE guardians of Britain, ye Sons of the Waves,
Who've conquer'd the French o'er and o'er;
You've heard, my brave boys, how these insolent slaves,
Now threaten to land on our shore.

CHORUS.

*Then let the Ocean be their grave,*
*And sink the plund'ring band;*
*Their bodies wafted by each wave,*
*May this way reach the land.*

How

How oft has our fleet spread with terror their coast,
And this nation of boasters dismay'd;
While our soldiers victorious have routed her host,
And the Standard of England display'd.
*Then let, &c.*

Britannia now calls on her true hearts of oak,
Who danger and death still disdain;
And dare vanquish'd Frenchmen her vengeance provoke,
And skulk in their boats o'er the main!
*Then let, &c.*

The Genius of Britain, with bright piercing eye,
Their wake ev'n in darkness will find;
And vain their attempts from a Navy to fly,
That move on the wings of the wind.
*Then let, &c.*

When PHILIP array'd his Armada of Spain,
Our QUEEN the proud Tyrant withstood;
Dispatch'd her brave sailors to watch o'er the main,
And dy'd the old Ocean with blood.
*Then let, &c.*

In LA HOGUE's glorious log-book your RUSSELL still shines,
Where Invasion was baffled with shame;
While trembling with terror, tho' hid in their lines,
The French saw their ships all in flame.
*Then let,* &c.

In the annals of conquest, that mark GEORGE's day,
And Fame still his glory displays;
The light'ning of HAWKE shone at Quiberon Bay,
And set LOUIS's fleet in a blaze.
*Then let,* &c.

We've VINCENT and NELSON, the dread of our foes,
Britain's heroes triumphantly sing;
By conquest renown'd, for by merit they rose,
The pride of their Country and King.
*Then let,* &c.

Britannia still flourish! exultingly smile!
Fam'd for Valour, and Beauty's sweet charms;
While Navies victorious encircle your Isle,
Rest in safety, nor dread vain alarms.

CHORUS.

*Then let the Ocean be their grave,*
*And sink the plund'ring band;*
*Their bodies wafted on each wave,*
*May this way reach the land.*

*Morning Post.*

# SELECTED POETRY.

## THE DEVOTED AND VICTORIOUS BRITISH SOLDIER.

*The Music by Lieut.* WM. ABINGTON, *of the First Regiment of Royal East India Volunteers, for a Regimental Band.*

TO battle let Despots compel the poor slave,
His country for him has no charms;
But the voice of fair Freedom is heard by the brave,
And calls her own Britons to arms.
Our Country and King may triumphantly rest,
Encircled by Loyalty's bands;
For the spirit of Liberty glows in each breast,
And her sword shall ne'er drop from our hands.

How glorious to fall in youth's early bloom!
For Britain life's joys to resign:
The voice of bright fame will be heard from our tomb,
And our names be enroll'd in her shrine.
Raise the song to the Heroes of Britain's proud isle,
Whilst in strains proudly flowing we tell—
How the soldier's lov'd Chief, by the blood-streaming Nile,
Triumphantly conquer'd and fell.

Then, Britons, strike home to the French, on our shore,
Their Invincible Standard display;
By our Monarch array'd, on their vain legions pour,
And rival fam'd Aboukir's day.
Whilst proudly the banners of Victory wave,
The soldier exultingly dies;
The trophies of glory shine over his grave,
And his spirit ascends to the skies.

## THE FRENCH IN A FOG.

Tune—"*Hearts of Oak.*"

AGAIN of their prowess our enemies boast,
And again we are told, they will visit our coast!
But with vaunting a Briton was never dismay'd,
For when Bobadil blusters—pray who is afraid?
"*Hearts of Oak,*" &c.

They say they no longer our pride can endure,
And talk of our conquest, as if it was sure;
And, as sure as the day owes it's light to the sun,
If talking were fighting, we should be undone.
"*Hearts of Oak,*" &c.

It

It *seems* in a FOG these *great heroes* confide,
When UNSEEN o'er the sea they think safely to ride;
For taught by our sailors, they know to their shame,
With Britons to see and to conquer's the same.
" *Hearts of Oak*," &c.

All their art, and their cunning, they know are in vain,
If they once chance to meet our brave sons of the main,
And if in a fog they escape safely o'er,
Still a fog they would need to preserve them on shore.
" *Hearts of Oak*." &c.

Perhaps they will tell us, we are not yet free,
And 'tis true we are not—*a la mode de Paris*;
For tho' with French fashions we've oft been disgrac'd,
This new-fashion'd freedom is not to our taste.
" *Hearts of Oak*," &c.

Their protection and freedom we know would be such,
As they kindly bestow on the Swiss and the Dutch;
They embrac'd them with accents fraternal and mild,
But hugg'd them to death as the bear hugg'd the child.
" *Hearts of Oak*," &c.

Then cheer up, my lads! let us fly to the field;
And nobly determine to die ere we yield;
And when we have conquer'd, as Britons we know,
A foe *at our feet* is no longer a foe.
" *Hearts of Oak*," &c.

## THE ISLAND OF BRITAIN.

*Tune*—HEARTS OF OAK.

MY friends, ye have heard, in the late British wars,
Of our navy—our admirals—brave British tars!
But the ship I would bring to your notice and view
Is the ISLAND OF BRITAIN, her Captain and Crew.

*Heart of oak is this ship,*
*Hearts of oak are our men;*
*We always are ready, steady boys, steady;*
*We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again*

For ages safe moor'd, in the Channel she's laid,
Made fast to a rock, of no danger afraid;
But now she is threaten'd to stay there no more,
To be boarded and plunder'd, or driven on shore.
*Heart of oak*, &c.

Her

Her CAPTAIN, God bless him!. is lov'd by us all;
With HIM we 're determin'd to stand or to fall;
United in hand and in heart we await
The lot which great Providence seals as our fate.
*Heart of oak, &c.*

But the means in our hands we will ardently use;
We'll fight and no danger or hazard refuse;
For our lives---for our property---children and wives
We'll fight---for the old British spirit survives.
*Heart of oak, &c.*

The ship is staunch good, and her timbers are sound:
Still fast to the rock we trust she'll be found;
Her hull, stores, and rigging, all malice defy;
I name not her sails---*for she don't mean to* FLY!
*Heart of oak is this ship, &c.*

Then clear ship, my boys! and each man to his gun;
If they board us, UNITE, and we'll soon make them run;
And ages to come shall still have in view
THE ISLAND OF BRITAIN, her Captain, and Crew
*Heart of oak is this ship, &c.*

## HEARTS OF OAK;

### OR, *THE BRITISH EMPIRE.*

NOW the French threaten loudly—those terrible foes,
Alarm all our women, and scare all our beaux:
Let us fervently join in one common petition,
That Old England may ne'er undergo requisition.

*English oak are our ships, brave and loyal our men,*
*All eager and ready,*
*With hearts firm and steady,*
*To thrash our invaders again and again.*

Our sailors are faithful, our soldiers are brave,
Their King and their Country all anxious to save;
And whilst life shall remain to no traitors they'll yield,
For Virtue's their safeguard—Religion their shield.
*English oak, &c.*

No taste have we Britons for frogs fricaseed,
No want of French Doctors our bodies to bleed:
Our land, thank our stars! flows with milk and with honey,
Which the French want to taste, and to pilfer our money.
*English oak, &c.*

The

The treacherous Dutch are in terrible fear
That the French will not leave them one stiver to spare;
The proud Dons of Spain look as small as a rat,
Lest their friendly allies from their mines skim the fat.
*English oak*, &c.

Let us arm with all speed both ourselves and our hosts,
Nor suffer *French tyrants* to land on our coasts:
Such tygers, my friends, we'll not trouble with words,
But end their exploits with the *points of our swords.*

*English oak are our ships, brave and loyal our men,*
*All eager and ready,*
*With hearts firm and steady,*
*To thrash these invaders again and again.*

---

## DIE OR LIVE FREE.

*A New Song, respectfully inscribed to the* ASSOCIATED VOLUNTEERS *of the* BRITISH EMPIRE.

*BY J. BISSET, MUSEUM, BIRMINGHAM.*

*Tune—Hearts of Oak.*

I Sing in the praise of each brave VOLUNTEER,
Whose name in Fame's annals inroll'd shall appear;
On Glory's proud scroll they recorded shall be,
As Britons resolving to—" *die or live free.*"
To honour and glory, my boys, then advance,
With bold British thunder
Strike Gallia with wonder,
And humble the pride of the Tyrant of France.

No tyrant o'er Britons in England shall reign,
Great GEORGE and our RIGHTS we will ever maintain,
Let the loud trump of Fame then proclaim our decree,
*That Britons resolve or to die or live free.*
*To honour*, &c.

What glory they'll share who return from the wars,
If for King or for Country they gain honour'd scars;
Their friends, wives, and sweethearts will welcome with glee,
*The brave who resolv'd, or to die or live free.*
*To honour*, &c.

Though death may appal ev'ry coward and slave,
No terrors has death for the valiant and brave!
Then haste, Gallic despot, in England you'll see,
*That Britons resolve, or to die or live free.*
*To honour*, &c.

England, he will feel the absolute necessity of raising fresh troops to incorporate with his own, in the hope of being enabled to subdue the remainder; and should he have conquered the whole, what finer troops could the world afford to this cruel and insatiable monster of ambition, for the conquest of Austria and Prussia, than an army composed of Britons—a nation which experience has taught him is the bravest and most formidable he ever had to cope with. Here then would be no *volunteering*, no *balloting*, unless, indeed, such *volunteers* as were raised in France for the conquest of St. Domingo. And how were these raised? Why by every man having a bayonet put to his breast, being seized by force, and then *chained in couples like dogs*, and drove down in a string to the coast for embarkation, like so many *galley-slaves*. This, though it may sound incredible to an Englishman's ear, is a fact known to all Europe.

Such, my brave Countrymen, would be your dreadful fate, could this blessed island be once subjugated to that haughty and merciless Tyrant, the Corsican Bonaparte. Where then is the man who would not die a thousand and a thousand deaths sooner than submit to so cruel and unnatural a fate?

Think well of this, brave Britons, ere it be too late; and if it be our lot to fall individually in this glorious cause, let us remember that we shall have, at least, contributed our part to save our Country, and that we shall die with the blessings of our dear Countrymen.

## COMPARISON.

THE difference of national character is strongly illustrated by the different expressions of feeling in this country and in France since the declaration of hostilities. In France the people, without reasoning for a moment on the subject, but yielding to the force of mere prejudice and passion, entered into the views of the Government. The conquest of England was a prospect which dazzled their fancy. They never passed a thought on the difficulties and dangers of such an enterprize. In imagination they beheld our independence destroyed, and had added England to the immense territories already under the dominion of the Great Nation. They hastened with their addresses of congratulation to the Government, and besought their illustrious Ruler to lead the armies of the Republic to this last and greatest of the French victories. In this country the course pursued by the nation was of a very different description. Hardly relieved from the pressure of a long war, they looked forward to the renewal of hostilities with the utmost anxiety and regret. Their feelings, their interests, and their reason, were all enlisted on the side of peace. When they were informed that war had become inevitable; when they were assured that it was essential to the preservation of our existence to have recourse to arms, they did not rashly declare their assent, or form any resolution till after very mature deliberation. It was observed accordingly that while addresses were pouring in from all quarters in France, the evidences of public spirit here were neither frequent nor animated. When the public voice began to be heard, it was at first comparatively feeble. It extended itself gradually through the country. The language of the people was the result of reflection, and all ranks joined in the expression of their determination to stand by the country at a crisis when its inde-

independence was threatened by an enemy, who had given the most unequivocal evidences of his unconquerable malignity. This spirit was constantly receiving new accessions of strength, till it became the soul which animates the mass of the people. In France the picture is now reversed. The agitation produced in the first instance has ceased. The delusion which gave rise to it has vanished; and the conquest of England no longer appears an enterprise unattended with difficulty. The present is not, and cannot, in the nature of things, be a popular war with the great body of the French people. It is for them without object or utility. Here, on the other hand, the war has become a national one, because every man feels that on the issue of it depends the safety of national independence, personal liberty, and domestic comfort. The French fight to gratify the ambition of one individual. The English fight as the champions of the liberties of this country and of the world.

*The Courier.*

## PRATT's ADDRESS
TO
*HIS COUNTRYMEN*
ON THE
## TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN's CASTLE.

WHICH of you, my Countrymen, does not feel, that you have property in your GOOD OLD CASTLE UPON THE ENGLISH ROCK, encircled by the sea? And, while the idle foam dashes against it, every billow adds to its security; and the Ocean, which is your own also, my brave Friends, is at once its pride and protector. Which of you does not feel, that, in this sacred edifice, you have an interest, and an inheritance? Which of you does not exult in the thought that it is your *home*, and, that it remains, amidst the convulsions of the earth, an object of *glory* to its friends—so of *despair* to its foes? And were the arrogant enemy to take a survey of it, he would find that the foundation is good, and that the fabric still stands majestically on the rock, whereon our ancestors have placed it!

That CASTLE, my Countrymen, holds whatever in life is most precious to you; it contains the *cradle of your infant babes*, whose slumbers are undisturbed and sweet; it contains your *wholesome beds*, unpolluted by the RAPINE OF INVASION; it receives you, after the honest labours of the day, whether of body or of soul; and not even the *battle and murder of other nations*, nor any thing but guilt, or the visitation of heaven, which happens to all men, can prevent your enjoyment of unbroken repose. The apartment individually allotted to you, whether spacious or otherwise, incloses a thousand blessings; which, if you that duly appreciate these, will not, as with one voice, exclaim, I WILL LIVE OR DIE, FIGHT OR FALL, IN DEFENCE OF MY CASTLE?

Under these happy emotions, look, then, my dear Countrymen, at your *still-peaceful* cottage, and *chearing hearth*, and at your *beloved children*, playing innocently round it—cherish your little gardens—dress your smiling fields—or if you have none of the latter, consider what your culture of them for others produces to you, in *comfort*, *health*, and social *love*; and, as you survey these objects of the social and kindred heart, with numberless others, that twine, like its fibres around them, you will be *proud* of your Country; will

will feel yourselves, more than ever pledged to support her; you will bless her fruitful soil, which so many envy; and detach your thoughts from every thing that would annoy your comfort in your GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK.

And shall a daring Threatener suppose it is in his power to lay this, your venerable pile, in ashes?—Shall the general Devourer think you will permit him to take possession of the sacred ground, that surrounds your Castle?—Shall he vainly suppose, that you will barter your wives, your children, your friends, your neighbours, your country, your reason, your religion, your good faith, and your freedom, for dishonoured poverty, and infamous slavery? And, shall the crimson banner of tyranny ever be reared, where the *real* Tree of Liberty has been planted?—O, NO! pride! shame! glory! love! friendship! and duty! forbid!!

My Countrymen! an honest exertion shall preserve your CASTLE and Inheritance. UNION shall make your fixed and floating Castles indeed triumphant; but the union must not only be GENERAL, as, praise be to the British character, it now is—it must be UNIVERSAL—THE WHOLE PATRIOT SOUL INFORMING AND ANIMATING THE WHOLE PATRIOT BODY.

The best, bravest, and most wise amongst you, of ALL parties, agree to call the defence of your native land, against an invading foe, whether foreign or domestic—true patriotism. In the name of the Patriot, then, I conjure you to encourage it. My friends, it is the ardent, active, and sacred principle, that has already led you to suspend all your accustomed pleasures; all gainful pursuits; or, at least, to consider them as secondary. The more you contemplate, the more will you be convinced, that UNION is *the one thing immediately needful*; without it, indeed, nothing, either of heaven or earth, could preserve its beauty or its use. A few discordant parts would unsettle the whole system of the spheres; the planets would rush furious on each other; the moon be hurled from her orbit, and the earth be shrivelled, like a scroll, by a spark from the sun!

My Countrymen! imitate that which holds the heavens themselves together! UNITE! PRESERVE ORDER! BE FAITHFUL TO YOURSELVES! and secure in your GOOD OLD CASTLE ON THE ROCK, and in your GOD, you may BID DEFIANCE TO THE EMBATTLED GLOBE!!

## ADDRESS TO BRITONS.

*Friends and Fellow Countrymen,*

YOU are threatened with Invasion by a daring and inveterate enemy; one who impiously boasts that he has chained fate to his chariot wheels, and that the winds and the waves are at his command. He promises you fire and sword, and declares that he will lay in ruins the palace and the cottage. Your sons he gives up to be murdered, your daughters to be polluted by his soldiers, and your property to be plundered. The very name of Englishmen he says shall only live in books and records, as his purpose is to destroy them all from the face of the earth.

Now if there be any among you, my brethren, who can doubt these threatnings, let them reflect on the desolating system pursued by the French in Holland, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Hanover, and through almost every country in Europe. In every part such atrocities have been committed as would disgrace man in his most savage state, such as women ravished in the public streets,

streets, in the presence of their husbands or fathers; every thing valuable seized on by these merciless wretches: defenceless men, women, and children murdered, and their houses and property committed to the flames. This has been done where they pretended to come as friends; what then must Englishmen expect, when they avowedly come as implacable and exterminating enemies?—Bonaparte himself, in a public proclamation, declares, that *no quarter shall be given to the English who fight for their government, that they shall be put to the sword, and their property distributed among the soldiers of his victorious army!*—And one of his Generals says, "*I will not peremptorily assert, that I can conquer Great Britain, or that I shall be able to keep it; but I pledge myself to make it unfit for an Englishman to live in!*"

Reflect seriously, my Countrymen, on your situation, and then determine whether you will sit down quietly and see these calamities brought home to your doors, or rise and join your brethren in arms, to drive these merciless wretches from the shores of this happy and favoured nation!—You cannot hesitate. Rich and poor, single and married, will, I trust, immediately unite, and obey the call of your Country, by turning out as Volunteers. The Duke of Clarence, a son of your beloved Sovereign, with that brave and experienced General Lord Moira, many other Members of both Houses of Parliament, and Gentlemen of the greatest property and influence in the country, have set you a noble and praise worthy example, by joining the different Volunteer Corps as privates! Unite, then, my brave Countrymen, and march to meet the foe; and you may, I think, foretell the consequence. With the Blessing of Heaven, when united, you may defy the whole world; but if you give yourselves up to indolent apathy or causeless jealousies, then your blood must be upon your own heads. For my part I will live and die

A FREE AND LOYAL BRITON.

# *ORIGINAL POETRY.*

## BONAPARTE'S SOLILOQUY.

*A Parody on Hamlet's Soliloquy.*

TO invade, or not invade?—That is the question—
Whether 'twere better policy to bear
The discontented spirit of my Army,
To whom I've promis'd plunder; or to make
A grand attack on Britain?—To invade,—to fight,
On their own shores, a people fam'd for valour;
And by that fight to put an end
To the eternal jealousy and strife
Subsisting 'twixt the French and English Nations;—
And what is most desirable to me;—

*England's complete o'erthrow!*—To invade—to fight,—
To fight?—perchance to *beat!*—aye, there's the point
That shakes my Resolution most; besides,
When the French fleet shall brave the English Thunder,
How soon a ball or bullet may decide
The premier CONSUL's fate,—must give me pause.
Here is the reason of my long delay
To execute my threat:—Fear holds me back,
Tho' desp'rate motives urge.—Else who would bear
Unsatisfied, the strong desire I feel
To conquer ENGLAND; desolate her towns;
Her bulwarks burn; and drench her plains with blood?
Who could endure the mortifying sight
Of English cruizers, impudently bold,
Blockading e'en the very ports of France;—
But that the dread of Britain's dauntless sons,
(That free unconquer'd race!) "puzzles my will;"
And makes me rather all the dangers brave,
That hover round my present slipp'ry state,
Than heedless rush on almost certain ruin
On hated ALBION's shores?—Thus prudence, fear,
And policy combin'd, can change the hue
Of Resolution; and thus serious thought
Can alter plans of greatest "pith and moment,"
And make th' INVASION I so long have threaten'd,
—All end in *Nothing!*—

R. P. C.

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This Country never was engaged in a War, which Literary Men, as well as the People at large, more unanimously and zealously support, than the present. Among others, whose Muse contributes to the common cause, is Mr. COURTENAY. M. P. From this source the following National Song originates.

## JOHN BULL's CALL TO THE SAILORS.

YE guardians of Britain, ye Sons of the Waves,
Who've conquer'd the French o'er and o'er;
You've heard, my brave boys, how these insolent slaves,
Now threaten to land on our shore.

CHORUS.

*Then let the Ocean be their grave,*
*And sink the plund'ring band;*
*Their bodies wafted by each wave,*
*May this way reach the land.*

How

How oft has our fleet spread with terror their coast,
And this nation of boasters dismay'd;
While our soldiers victorious have routed her host,
And the Standard of England display'd.
*Then let, &c.*

Britannia now calls on her true hearts of oak,
Who danger and death still disdain;
And dare vanquish'd Frenchmen her vengeance provoke,
And skulk in their boats o'er the main!
*Then let, &c.*

The Genius of Britain, with bright piercing eye,
Their wake ev'n in darkness will find;
And vain their attempts from a Navy to fly,
That move on the wings of the wind.
*Then let, &c.*

When PHILIP array'd his Armada of Spain,
Our QUEEN the proud Tyrant withstood;
Dispatch'd her brave sailors to watch o'er the main,
And dy'd the old Ocean with blood.
*Then let, &c.*

In LA HOGUE's glorious log-book your RUSSELL still shines,
Where Invasion was baffled with shame;
While trembling with terror, tho' hid in their lines,
The French saw their ships all in flame.
*Then let,* &c.

In the annals of conquest, that mark GEORGE's day,
And Fame still his glory displays;
The light'ning of HAWKE shone at Quiberon Bay,
And set LOUIS's fleet in a blaze.
*Then let,* &c.

We've VINCENT and NELSON, the dread of our foes,
Britain's heroes triumphantly sing;
By conquest renown'd, for by merit they rose,
The pride of their Country and King.
*Then let,* &c.

Britannia still flourish! exultingly smile!
Fam'd for Valour, and Beauty's sweet charms;
While Navies victorious encircle your Isle,
Rest in safety, nor dread vain alarms.

CHORUS.

*Then let the Ocean be their grave,*
*And sink the plund'ring band;*
*Their bodies wafted on each wave,*
*May this way reach the land.*

*Morning Post.*

# SELECTED POETRY.

## THE DEVOTED AND VICTORIOUS BRITISH SOLDIER.

*The Music by Lieut.* Wm. Abington, *of the First Regiment of Royal East India Volunteers, for a Regimental Band.*

TO battle let Despots compel the poor slave,
His country for him has no charms;
But the voice of fair Freedom is heard by the brave,
And calls her own Britons to arms.
Our Country and King may triumphantly rest,
Encircled by Loyalty's bands;
For the spirit of Liberty glows in each breast,
And her sword shall ne'er drop from our hands.

How glorious to fall in youth's early bloom!
For Britain life's joys to resign:
The voice of bright fame will be heard from our tomb,
And our names be enroll'd in her shrine.
Raise the song to the Heroes of Britain's proud isle,
Whilst in strains proudly flowing we tell—
How the soldier's lov'd Chief, by the blood-streaming Nile,
Triumphantly conquer'd and fell.

Then, Britons, strike home to the French, on our shore,
Their Invincible Standard display;
By our Monarch array'd, on their vain legions pour,
And rival fam'd Aboukir's day.
Whilst proudly the banners of Victory wave,
The soldier exultingly dies;
The trophies of glory shine over his grave,
And his spirit ascends to the skies.

## THE FRENCH IN A FOG.

Tune—"*Hearts of Oak.*"

AGAIN of their prowess our enemies boast,
And again we are told, they will visit our coast!
But with vaunting a Briton was never dismay'd,
For when Bobadil blusters—pray who is afraid?
"*Hearts of Oak,*" &c.

They say they no longer our pride can endure,
And talk of our conquest, as if it was sure;
And, as sure as the day owes it's light to the sun,
If talking were fighting, we should be undone.
"*Hearts of Oak,*" &c.

It

It *seems* in a FOG these *great heroes* confide,
When UNSEEN o'er the sea they think safely to ride;
For taught by our sailors, they know to their shame,
With Britons to see and to conquer's the same.
" *Hearts of Oak*," &c.

All their art, and their cunning, they know are in vain,
If they once chance to meet our brave sons of the main,
And if in a fog they escape safely o'er,
Still a fog they would need to preserve them on shore.
" *Hearts of Oak*." &c.

Perhaps they will tell us, we are not yet free,
And this true we are not—*a la mode de Paris*;
For tho' with French fashions we've oft been disgrac'd,
This new-fashion'd freedom is not to our taste.
" *Hearts of Oak*," &c.

Their protection and freedom we know would be such,
As they kindly bestow on the Swiss and the Dutch;
They embrac'd them with accents fraternal and mild,
But hugg'd them to death as the bear hugg'd the child.
" *Hearts of Oak*," &c.

Then cheer up, my lads! let us fly to the field;
And nobly determine to die ere we yield;
And when we have conquer'd, as Britons we know,
A foe *at our feet* is no longer a foe.
" *Hearts of Oak*," &c.

## THE ISLAND OF BRITAIN.

*Tune*—HEARTS OF OAK.

MY friends, ye have heard, in the late British wars,
Of our navy—our admirals—brave British tars!
But the ship I would bring to your notice and view
Is the ISLAND OF BRITAIN, her Captain and Crew.

*Heart of oak is this ship,*
*Hearts of oak are our men;*
*We always are ready, steady boys, steady;*
*We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again*

For ages safe moor'd, in the Channel she's laid,
Made fast to a rock, of no danger afraid;
But now she is threaten'd to stay there no more,
To be boarded and plunder'd, or driven on shore.
*Heart of oak*, &c.

Her

Her CAPTAIN, God bless him! is lov'd by us all;
With HIM we 're determin'd to stand or to fall;
United in hand and in heart we await
The lot which great Providence seals as our fate.
*Heart of oak, &c.*

But the means in our hands we will ardently use;
We'll fight and no danger or hazard refuse;
For our lives---for our property---children and wives
We'll fight---for the old British spirit survives.
*Heart of oak, &c.*

The ship is staunch good, and her timbers are sound:
Still fast to the rock we trust she'll be found;
Her hull, stores, and rigging, all malice defy;
I name not her sails---*for she don't mean to* FLY!
*Heart of oak is this ship, &c.*

Then clear ship, my boys! and each man to his gun;
If they board us, UNITE, and we'll soon make them run;
And ages to come shall still have in view
THE ISLAND OF BRITAIN, her Captain, and Crew
*Heart of oak is this ship, &c.*

## HEARTS OF OAK;

### OR, *THE BRITISH EMPIRE.*

NOW the French threaten loudly—those terrible foes,
Alarm all our women, and scare all our beaux:
Let us fervently join in one common petition,
That Old England may ne'er undergo requisition.

*English oak are our ships, brave and loyal our men,*
*All eager and ready,*
*With hearts firm and steady,*
*To thrash our invaders again and again.*

Our sailors are faithful, our soldiers are brave,
Their King and their Country all anxious to save;
And whilst life shall remain to no traitors they'll yield,
For Virtue's their safeguard—Religion their shield.
*English oak, &c.*

No taste have we Britons for frogs fricaseed,
No want of French Doctors our bodies to bleed:
Our land, thank our stars! flows with milk and with honey,
Which the French want to taste, and to pilfer our money.
*English oak, &c.*

The

The treacherous Dutch are in terrible fear
That the French will not leave them one stiver to spare;
The proud Dons of Spain look as small as a rat,
Lest their friendly allies from their mines skim the fat.
*English oak*, &c.

Let us arm with all speed both ourselves and our hosts,
Nor suffer *French tyrants* to land on our coasts:
Such tygers, my friends, we'll not trouble with words,
But end their exploits with the *points of our swords.*

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*Tune—Hearts of Oak.*

I Sing in the praise of each brave VOLUNTEER,
Whose name in Fame's annals inroll'd shall appear;
On Glory's proud scroll they recorded shall be,
As Britons resolving to—" *die or live free.*"
To honour and glory, my boys, then advance,
With bold British thunder
Strike Gallia with wonder,
And humble the pride of the Tyrant of France.

No tyrant o'er Britons in England shall reign,
Great GEORGE and our RIGHTS we will ever maintain,
Let the loud trump of Fame then proclaim our decree,
*That Britons resolve or to die or live free.*
*To honour*, &c.

What glory they'll share who return from the wars,
If for King or for Country they gain honour'd scars;
Their friends, wives, and sweethearts will welcome with glee,
*The brave who resolv'd, or to die or live free.*
*To honour*, &c.

Though death may appal ev'ry coward and slave,
No terrors has death for the valiant and brave!
Then haste, Gallic despot, in England you'll see,
*That Britons resolve, or to die or live free.*
*To honour*, &c.

O hasten the day, then, proud Tyrant of France,
To invade British isles let your prows now advance;
For conquest you're arm'd, and your legions shall see,
*That Britons resolve or to die or live free.*
*To honour*, &c.

If they fail to invade us, ye Britons, what then?
We'll cross o'er the seas—strike the pard in his den;
Since the fam'd BRITISH LION is rous'd, you shall see,
That France from this tyrant shall soon be set free!
*To honour*, &c.

## THE TRUE BRITON.

*Tune—"Hearts of Oak.*

COME, cheer up, my friends, let's together unite,
For our Country, our King, and our Altars to fight;
Whilst our Tars sweep the ocean, our troops line the shore,
Let the Frenchmen but face us—we'll ask for no more.

*Hearts of oak are our ships, jolly Tars are our men,*
*We always are ready,*
*Steady, boys, steady,*
*To fight and to conquer again and again.*

If we to ourselves and each other prove true,
Those pretenders to reason we soon shall subdue,
And the Consular grampus may threaten in vain,
For Britannia will ever rule over the main.

*Thus the glory of England we'll ever maintain,*
*In her defence always ready,*
*Steady, boys, steady,*
*To fight and to conquer again and again.*

With *Religion to guide us*, with *Laws we revere*,
With a *Monarch we love*, and a *God whom we fear*;
Shall the despot's vile slaves with freemen contend,
Who've such blessings to fight for, such rights to defend?

*And these blessings and rights with our lives to maintain,*
*We always are ready,*
*Steady, boys, steady,*
*To fight and to conquer again and again.*

Let them boast, as they please of some victories gain'd,
Of murders committed, and plunder obtain'd;
'Twas by gold or by art they such triumphs atchiev'd,
Help'd by traitors they paid, or by fools they deceiv'd;

*But no longer in Britain such wretches remain,*
*One and all we are ready.*
*Steady, boys, steady,*
*To fight and to conquer again and again.*

Then give for OLD ENGLAND a loud hearty cheer:
Here's a *halter* for those who would welcome them here;
Let us join hearts and hands then, and merrily sing—
"*Rule, Britannia, for ever!*" and "*God save the King!*"

*And may he long continue o'er the Empire to reign,*
*And his subjects be ready,*
*Steady, boys, steady,*
*To fight and to conquer again and again.*

## THE VOLUNTEER.

THE true Briton who's staunch to the King, Church, and State,
When enemies threaten, and dangers await,
With zeal patriotic will throw aside fear,
And cheerfully enter a brave Volunteer.

*A brave Volunteer, a brave Volunteer,*
*And cheerfully enter a brave Volunteer.*

Look all over the world, North, South, East, and West,
Great Britain's the country above all the rest;
No nation is richer, or happier, or freer;—
This it is which inspires the brave Volunteer;

*The brave, &c.*

George the Third is not King by his sceptre alone,
In the *hearts* of his people he sets up his throne;
His goodness, his virtues, we love and revere,
To his standard, when rais'd, flies the brave Volunteer;

*The brave, &c.*

Each man's house is his castle, though palace or cot,
Oh say what can equal the Englishman's lot!
Sure, sure he has all that to mortal is dear,
And this warms the heart of the brave Volunteer;

*The brave, &c.*

Remember we're Christians—our altars are pure,
The Ground of our hope is a rock most secure.
Religion makes patriots true and sincere,
Religion inspires the brave Volunteer;

*The brave, &c.*

One farther inducement my muse must declare,
A strong one, I vow, 'tis the dear British Fair;
For sense and for beauty renown'd far and near,
Our Girls, they give life to the brave Volunteer;

*The brave, &c.*

Of his strength, tho' the Corsican tyrant may boast;
Tho' thousands, nay myriads, may cover his coast;
Yet with all his great prowess he wants something here,
*(Striking the breast)*
Which strengthens the arm of the brave Volunteer;
*The brave*, &c.

But if verse succeeds verse, and line thus follows line,
On a subject so endless—you'll lose all your wine;
Then a bumper fill up to my toast with three cheers,
"LONG LIFE and SUCCESS TO OUR BRAVE VOLUNTEERS!!!"
*Our brave Volunteers*, &c.

## SONG

IRISH AIR.—"*All for my Frolicksome Cruize—O!*"

THE Corsican cut-throat loud threatens Invasion
If his demands we refuse—O!
Let him come—He shall sorely repent the occasion
Of his fell desperate cruize—O!

Our Isle he would ravage—our beef he's for eating,
To scramble our Cash he would chuse, O!
But he'll lose his character, and get a big beating,
All for his desperate cruize—O!

He humbug'd the Dutchmen, the Swiss, and Italians,
And got them all fast in his noose—O!
But if e'er he comes here with his *Tatter-demallions*,
We'll make him repent of his cruize—O!

His loud threats of massacre, plunder, and rape,
His meagre *Baboons* may amuse—O!
If they come we will not let one Monkey escape,
To tell the sad end of their cruize—O!

He thinks he can bully by Gallic bravado
Our brave Volunteers, and *True Blues*—O!
But we'll tip him the fate of the Spanish Armado,
And soon put a stop to his cruize—O!

This Corsican Chief and his grim *Sans Cullottes*,
Their ill-gotten fame shall soon lose—O!
If they dare venture here with their flat-bottom'd boats,
Sweet Sorrow they'll sup for their cruize—O!

Bear a hand then my lads, and about push the jug,
And cheerily each take the booze—O!
But the rascally French we will heartily flog,
If e'er on our our shores they dare cruize—O!

*The Times.*

## A PITIFUL BALLAD,

OF

## *ENGLISH DEFEATS*

AND

## FRENCH VICTORIES.

*Showing* how *Englishmen ought to stand still and suffer themselves to be beaten, after the example of their forefathers.*

WOULD you hear what deeds of wonder
Once by British Arms were done;
How the British Sons of Thunder
Made the Gallic squadrons run;

Deeds I sing renown'd in story;
Listen, every Briton's Son,
Hark to your forefathers' glory,
And match it, match it with your own.

EDWARD* first his English Bowmen
Pour'd upon the plains of France;
Full twice sixty thousand Foemen
'Gainst him rais'd the Gallic lance.

Five to one the Frenchmen vaunted,
To one Briton five Mounseers;—
But by that was EDWARD daunted?
*Cressy*, say; and say, *Poictiers*.

*Cressy* saw him single-handed
Make the nimble Frenchmen fly,
With half his troops against them banded,
While the other half stood laughing by.

When proudly summon'd to surrender
*Poictiers* saw him bold advance,
Hurl back Defiance on the sender,
And captive lead the Crown of France.

Rival of EWARD's fame and power,
Next young HARRY† show'd them sport;
Long did Frenchmen rue the hour,
When they met at *Agincourt*.

Tho' Dukes and Counts and Princes muster'd
'Gainst our troops with sickness worn;
Tho' the vaunting Dauphin bluster'd,
And our HARRY laugh'd to scorn;

Soon his threats and mockery fail him,
Soon his lofty spirit slacks,
Nor Princes, Dukes, and Counts avail him,
'Gainst the English battle-axe.

Of his vaunting Nobles plenty
Are by English force down borne;
But not of Englishmen twice twenty
Perish'd on that glorious Morn.

But when many an age succeeding
Now had changed the face of fight,
Yet still they saw our Foemen bleeding,
And still they saw our conquering might.

*Danube*, thy waves beheld and wonder'd,
With heaps of slaughter'd Frenchmen swoln;
While as MARLB'ROUGH onward thunder'd,
LOUIS trembled on his Throne

Such was of old the daring spirit
That our great forefathers bore;
Their gallant Sons the same inherit—
This *Egypt* knows, and *Syria's* shore.

*There* ABERCROMBIE triumph'd over
Our unconquerable foe;
(Brave Chief! the Bays, thy brow that cover,
Bathed in thy own blood brighter show!)

*Here* SMITH, a second heart of lion,
Saw Gallia's haughty Lord advance,
Met him with fury onward hieing,
And sent him skulking back to France.

* The Black Prince.

† Henry V.

And

And now shall that thrice beaten Nation,
Who oft at home has felt our might,
Menace our coasts with fell invasion,
And find us laggarts in the fight?

Shall her proud Lord with ruin threat us,
Nor we arise his threats to meet?
And shall he on our own land beat us,
Whom we on foreign lands have beat?

And shall our stately towns be shatter'd,
Our hamlet's spoil'd by this dire foe,
By him our gather'd wealth be scatter'd,
By him our holy fanes laid low?

And prey to lawless violation
Shall our lov'd wives and daughters lie?
And shall the dogs of desolation
Roam through the land in revelry?

And to a Despot Tyrant bending,
Shall we our freedom yield, and laws?
And shall we tamely fall defending
Alike our King's and Country's cause?

O! let it not be told in story,
That (when a fierce invader came)
Forgetful of their father's glory,
To interest dead, and dead to fame,

Britons by sordid fear disbanded,
Or stupid with indifference lay,
Saw unprepared their foemen landed,
And fell disjoin'd an easy prey!

Nay rather let the bloody quarrel,
Which threats our Realm with overthrow,
Crown us with wreaths of fresher laurel,
With fouler rout o'erwhelm the foe.

Then onward, onward to the battle!
Hark the shrill-voiced clarions call!
Hark the drum's loud thunders rattle!
Rise, ye Britons, ONE and ALL!

Now let the vaunting foe invade us:—
Thus prepared, our word shall be,
"With GOD and our good arms to aid us,
United Britons will be free."

## A SONG,

*On the threatened Invasion by Bonaparte.*

BRITONS, have you heard their boast?
Frenchmen will invade our coast.
Nay, to rob you quite of rest,
From his lofty Alpine nest,
BONAPARTE HIMSELF shall come,
And fright you with his Fe, Fa, Fum.

Wantley's Dragon crack'd the stones
Like hazel nuts? just so your bones
This redoubtable Italian,
With his Army, all Rapscallion,
Swears he'll crack, when he CAN come,
To fright you with his Fe, Fa, Fum,

Like the mighty HANNIBAL,
Marching on with great and small,
He shall sweep away thro' France,
And come to lead you such a dance,
As soon shall make you cry—he's come
To eat us up!—Great Fe, Fa, Fum!!

XERXES' army drank a river,
Tho' but arm'd with bow and quiver;
What then, with his thund'ring cannon,
To BONAPARTE is Thames or Shannon?
Woe betide us, should he come,
This blust'ring Blue-Beard, Fe, Fa, Fum.

From his vengeance, tho' to screen,
The pathless ocean roll between,
Tho' its billows vainly roar,
Broken by a rocky shore;
Yet SECURE, he swears, he'll come,
To scare us with his Fe, Fa, Fum.

True that HOWE their naval pride
Humbled on the briny tide;
True that BRIDPORT too *his* dance
Taught the vapouring fleet of France;
BONAPARTE they vow shall come,
And grind us with his Fe, Fa, Fum.

Say,

Say, ye Dons, can naval story
Rival brave St. VINCENT's glory?
Own, ye Dutch, that all your spirit
Strove in vain vith DUNCAN's merit;
Yet both must crouch, when he shall come,
This Giant Grim, this Fe, Fa, Fum.

Such the vaunt of Frenchmen vain,
Conquer'd on the boundless main;
Such the projects they are brewing,
Reeking with their country's ruin;
But, Assassins, let him come,
Your Corsican, your Fe, Fa, Fum.

Let him come!—He soon shall know
Britain rises to the blow:
Let him come!—He soon shall feel
Our hearts of oak, our hands of steel!
Yes, ye Atheists! let him come,
And do his worst, your Fe, Fa, Fum.

The laurels he so long has worn,
From his brow shall soon be torn:
Soon shall sink, to rise no more,
His fame, upon our favour'd shore!
We are ready!—Let him come,
This fierce Italian, Fe, Fa, Fum.

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## L'INVASION
## DE L'ANGLETERRE:

COUPLETS, *sur l'Air de Marsellois.*

ALLONS, enfans du fier Neptune,
Voguez, braves Marins, vogues,
Pour venger la cause commune,
Voguez, frapper et triomphez; *Bis.*
Contre votre chere Patrie
L'Etendart Sarglant est levé!
Entendez-vous de toute Coté
Déjà mugir la tyrannie?
Aux armes, fiers Anglois,
Arrêtéz leurs complots,
Marchez, voguez,
Qu'un sang impur rougisse au loin nos flots.

Ah! oui, combattez pour la Gloire,
Pour vos Loix et pour votre Roi,
Volez au Champ de la Victoire,
Loin de vous la crainte et l'effroi; *Bis*
Un vil ennemi vous outrage,
Et vous défiez au champ d'honneur,
Sachez réprimer sa fureur,
Et dans fon sang noyez la rage.
Aux armes, fiers Anglois, &c.

Cui, vaillant peuple Britannique,
Peuple outragé, resemblez vous,
De votre renommée antique
Plus que jamais soyez jaloux; *Bis.*
Foudroyez les hommes feroles;
Defendez vos propriétes;
Vos femmes, vos fils égorgés!!!—
Prevenez les forfaits atroles.
Aux armes, fiers Anglois, &c.

Quand on combat pour sa patrie,
Pour les fiens, et pour ses foyers,
Et que la force est reunie,
L'on marche à travers les brasiers; *Bis.*
Des lors on devient invincible:
Couverts de honte et de mepris
L'on foule aux pieds ses ennemis;
A leurs yeux on devient terrible.
Aux armes, fiers Anglois, &c.

Quand pour nous le Ciel se declare,
Contre l'oppresseur de nos Rois,
Contre cette horde barbare,
Contre leurs barbares exploits; *Bis.*
Chantons, chantons, à pleine gorge,
Victoire au bon Roi des Anglois,
Au diable, au diable, les Francois,
Vive à jamais le bon Roi GEORGE!!!
Aux armes, fiers Anglois, &c.

*Par un* AMI DE L'ORDRE.

*The Traveller.*

LOYAL

## THE LOYAL BRITON's SONG.

TUNE—"*Cease rude Boreas.*"

BRITONS! fam'd in antient story,
For your warlike deeds of old,
Now maintain your Country's glory,
Like your great forefathers bold:
When for Battle *they* assembled,
Rang'd along the tented field,
At their presence *Frenchmen* trembled,
Forc'd to bend their necks and yield.

Dare they threaten to invade us,
Fir'd with rage, with fury arm'd?
All the world shall ne'er persuade us,
British hearts can be alarm'd.
From our fathers we inherit,
Love to Country, King, and Laws;
Show we then a martial spirit;
In the just and righteous cause.

Should the foe, with malice burning,
Venture near our native shore,
All their wild endeavours spurning,
Let the British cannons roar.
If their proud flotillas, sweeping
O'er the seas, insult our coast;
They shall find us far from sleeping,
Each attentive at his post.

When the English balls can reach them,
Flying o'er the ruffled waves;
They, in language strong, shall teach, them,
"*Britons never shall be slaves.*"
Our presumptuous foes defying,
Let us draw the conqu'ring sword;
To our loyal standards flying,
"*Rule Britannia,*" is the word.

J. B.

## WAR ODE.

MARK, on the brink of Gallia's coast
Rapine on tip-toe stand;
And eager hordes, with ev'ry gale,
In fancy hear the matron's wail
From Britain's fated land.

But know, ye fierce rapacious crew,
Ere the red spoil ye gain,
The British youth must low be laid:
Before ye grasp one shrieking maid,
Each must be slain.

The road to yonder cottage-house
Lies o'er a father's breast;
And see impatient by his side,
Stands a brave son in armed pride,
The thistle on his crest.

This emblem of his country dear,
Fix'd by a sister's hand,
Shall fire his soul to deeds of might,
And drive him furious in the fight,
Through many an hostile band.

But if with glorious wounds all gash'd,
Fainting to yield his breath;
This sacred pledge—shall meet his eyes,
On the green sod as pale he lies,
And cheer the bed of death.

The helmets gleam along our shore,
Each Briton grasps the spear;
He longs to meet th' insulting foe,
To dare the field, to lay him low,
To make the sands his bier.

The slaves may threat—the British heart
Disdains to feel alarms;
Inspir'd by Freedom's sacred flame,
We dare defend the British name
Against a world in arms.

*The Times.*